

Daily Eagle

WOMAN AND HOME.

INFORMATION USEFUL TO WOMEN
AND HELPFUL ONES AT HOME.What Women Have Achieved in Some
Fields—Something About Custom and
Dress—How to Decorate the Dinner
Table—Items and Humorousities.

It is a little saying that no girl's education ought to be considered complete without a good knowledge of general business, but yet women who would be puzzled to do so simple a thing as to make out a bill or a receipt correctly are to be found in every school district. Perhaps they get through life without any serious trouble, and perhaps they do not. Such a one thrown on her own resources at a serious disadvantage. It would be hard enough if everybody was honest, but all people are not honest.

No woman, especially if she has children or others who would be dependent on her in the event of one or two deaths, ought to rest satisfied with her attainments until she has mastered the art of buying things needed for general household expenses, knowing where her property is invested, and how to take care of it if necessary, and, above all, knowing the value of a dollar to her, and how many of them she can spend and yet keep well within her income. A large part of the extravagance charged to the women of the family when the husband or father goes into bankruptcy would never have had an existence had the wives and daughters been properly informed as to the financial standing of the family firm.

A woman, as well as a man, ought to know the more important principles of common law. She needs to be equally careful with her signs, especially in the case of papers offered by unknown vendors of cheap goods, sewing machines, parlor organs or other wares. These traveling dealers may be all right and the paper they offer may be simply an acknowledgment that a sewing machine or other article is left for trial, or it may be an agreement to take it as a certain price. The safest way is to refuse to sign anything, certainly not to sign without careful reading. Any objection to such reading, sudden haste, or apparent nervousness on the part of the officer of such wares may generally be taken as a warning of something wrong.

Blessed is the household that can count among its inmates a grandfather or a grandmother, some one who has lived long enough to value things in their true proportion, to value worldly wealth and honors as of less value than love and friendship and home enjoyment. Who can tell us grandfather can sympathize with Johnnie's struggles with his arithmetic lesson or with Kate's homesickness on a visit which she planned herself? She has seen Johnnie in Johnnie and such pride in his achievements that his mother's disappointment and must come out conquer. She may have advised against Kate's visit, but she forgets all this and remembers only how she felt on a similar occasion sixty years ago or so.

Who like grandfather can advise father in his business affairs or Tommy in his gardening experiments with equal readiness as one who has passed through similar experience, or who can so bring each to understand the other's trials and perplexities? People who are busy from morning till night sometimes get so absorbed in their own tasks as to lose sympathy with the different work and worry of others, and so almost unconsciously father may drift away from son or mother from daughter. The presence of one equally devoted to all and with leisure to enter into the feelings of each may be a wonderful harmonizing influence. Those who neglect the old people or try to shut them out of their lives may lose more than they gain by this wrong.—Lewiston Journal.

Dinner Table Decorations.
The fine damask cloth, in all its satiny perfection, is recovering its supremacy, for in London, at all events, broadcloth or embroidered slips are fast losing ground. They are artistic, but common, and in these days that is enough to send any claim to distinction. Of course if, as some people have, there is a piece of gold or silver brocade handy, the artistic beauty of the material would be its excuse and it would be appropriate for a silver wedding, but in these days that is enough to send any claim to distinction. Of course if, as some people have, there is a piece of gold or silver brocade handy, the artistic beauty of the material would be its excuse and it would be appropriate for a silver wedding, but in these days that is enough to send any claim to distinction.

If plate or cut glass is not easily attainable the London fad for use for wedding breakfasts of different shapes, lined with white plate or brocade, in which are hidden receptacles for water, and which are filled with flowers and green, the latter being over the handles and being kept in place by streamers of satin ribbon and silver cord, while the bags of satin or brocade, stayed like sacks and caught in round the neck with silver cord, form delicious chapeaux. Such bags are easy to make and are most effective if made of muslin, while, naturally hiding the vase or pot, to take care of the table. They look extremely well mixed with the plate or satin lined baskets, which can be made from Zulu hats, pinned into proper shape and kept in with wire. These hats are pretty silvered with silver or silver paint and lined fully with white satin. A rim of a piece of brocade will all round the edge of the hat and fasten on a wide band, which should be loosely covered with a piece of muslin, then a flat of white lace (Bretel) is the lightest, with silver cord twisted through it and tied in a full bow and ends at the top, with a tiny bouquet of orange flowers caught in the knot.—London Observer.

A young woman at Rincon, Cal., has begun a suit for \$1,200 against a rancher for kisses that she says were forcibly inflicted upon her by the defendant.

"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant growth of hair, of a silk-like texture and of the original color, often results from the use, by those who have become bald or gray, of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"I was rapidly becoming gray and bald, but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—M. Aldrich, Chas. Center, N. H.

"A trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me of its merits. My wife has not only obtained the hair of my wife and daughter to be abundant and glossy, but it has given my father's graying locks a respectable length and appearance."—H. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and bringing but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles st., Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

The New Court Dress.

I hear that there has been a regular muddle about the new court dress, as it is the fashion to call it. The original intention was that this high costume should be allowed to be worn at the early drawing rooms, i. e., those held during February and March by any one who preferred. Ultimately, however, for some reason or no reason, the queen changed her mind, and this dress, which every one had by this time seen, was issued. The fact is that the alteration of the rules is really a step backward. Hitherto a lady, whose application to wear a high dress was supported by a medical certificate, has obtained permission as a matter of course, and she could have her dress arranged precisely as she chose. In future, however, with the medical certificate still required, the lady must wear a high dress out exactly after one of the prescribed patterns.—London Times.

She Loves London.
Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," is only half German. Her father was a German missionary, who married the 18-year-old daughter of an English missionary. Olive was the sixth of their family of twelve children, all born at the mission station in South Africa. There were no white neighbors near the mission station, and it was years before the child saw a town; yet, when she was 4 years old, the idea of London had seized her, and it had grown the desire of her life to go there. With this object she began saving up her pennies in the belief that when she had a pound it would be sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey. When she found that sum was scarcely a sufficient one for her purpose she determined to put off her visit for awhile; but the intention never left her, and when at length, seven years ago, she found herself at last in the city of her dreams, there was no disappointment in the realization of the long cherished desire. "Wherever my body is," she writes, "mentally London is my home."—New York Tribune.

Speaking of Bustles.
Not long since the friends of a popular West Side matron decided to give her a surprise party. Her husband was led into the secret, in order that madam might be gotten out of the way while her friends took possession of the house.

"My dear," said hubby on the evening in question, after supper, "let us take a little walk."

"No, I can't," said madam, thinking at once of her personal appearance. "I haven't my bustle on. Never mind," she added, on second thought, "I'll just put it on over my dress and under my cloak, and no one will know the difference."

So they started on their walk. When the proper time had elapsed, Mr. Husband led the way home. On arrival, Mrs. Wife was looking surprised, and her thoughts immediately flew to the enjoyment of her guests. Apologizing for her absence, she threw off her cloak and there was the bustle. Of course, everybody saw it and laughed, and the madam things never told her what they laughed at. When all had gone, and the wife and the other half of the first had gone to their room, she congratulated herself on the merry time every one had had.

"Wasn't it nice?" she exclaimed, "they all enjoyed themselves so much." And then she saw the bustle!—Buffalo Express.

Mysteries of the Toilet.
A softly shaded room, Oriental perfume, a velvet carpet, shalves covered with dainty boxes and bottles of all sizes, and a delicate faced lady in black, with a lace hood worn in a picturesque style round her face. This is the scene that greets the visitor to Madame B., in Bond Street, London. Mme. B. makes women more beautiful. The lady rises, smiles pleasantly and explains that in spite of the air of Orientalism that surrounds her she is only a Nineteenth century beauty. Mme. B. never uses the most modern of toilet articles. "I have no need to fear that they will meet their enemy when they come to buy their complexion cream or eyebrow pencils. There is an inner room screened off by Indian curtains, into which they can retire. Ladies are naturally nervous on the toilet question, and though they are generally friendly and frank with me," said madame, "they frequently don't tell me who they are." She had just succeeded, says a London woman writer, in converting a lady who came back from Australia with a terribly sunburnt face into a handsome woman.—Boston Herald.

German Engagements.
The German customs and ceremonies attending betrothal and marriage differ widely from ours. Prior to betrothing, or betrothal, the betrothal of young unmarried people, as a rule, only takes place in the presence of the express consent of their parents, and German ladies have often explained to me their astonishment that in America, as they have here, young ladies not betrothed were permitted to receive and accompany young gentlemen without parental attendance. Betrothal, indeed, is often the first stage of real acquaintance, the betrothal of the contracting parties before that being of comparatively formal character. The betrothing is generally considered a most important act, not the betrothing, or marriage, and the betrothing of an engagement comes more solemn than a divorce. After betrothing, the parties engaged are bound and betrothed, but cease to be such after marriage. Once engaged they may accompany each other when and where they like, and on social occasions are treated much the same as husband and wife.—Magazine of American History.

Woman's Work in Fiction.
It is women who write most of the English and American novels, though men still play the part of the hero, and it is women who are most popular in their novels. What has sold so well as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in America as Mrs. Ward, or now in all countries as Mrs. Alcott? No wonder that these great successes and many others that could be named tempt women to write many poor novels and some good ones, the majority being mediocre, however, of rather poor quality. But modernity in a novel is much higher in quality than it used to be, the novel writing talent having grown by cultivation, until the fourth rate novelist can write better than any but the first rate author could fifty years ago.—Springfield Republican.

A Classic Show.
At balls I have been to lately I have seen a woman's letter from Paris, and that is the only letter of that order. Under the First Empire but two women received it and both of military achievement. One, Virginia Schlegel, married the dress of a man and the other, the dress of a woman, was not strong enough to endure the fatigue of a soldier's life. She attained the rank of sergeant, and was wounded while rescuing her husband from the enemy. Up to 1831 but four women had received the decoration. One of

the next to be awarded the honor was Rosa Bonheur, who was decorated by the hand of the Emperor Napoleon. Altogether seven women have been awarded the Legion of Honor for services on the battlefield, and of the entire thirty-four, twenty have been Sisters of Charity.

A Hermit's Legacy to Needy Women.
L. B. Eaton, a very eccentric man, died at his home near Fremont, Steuben county. He was in that county in 1857, and by the closest economy in living the life of a hermit succeeded in acquiring over 1,000 acres of good land and much other property. His strange will is in keeping with the oddities of his life. His land is to be divided into lots of ten acres, and on each lot there is to be erected a cottage. These cottages are intended for homeless or friendless women of good character over 30 years of age. The county commissioners are named trustees, and in case they do not wish to serve, the court is authorized to appoint an executor, who must serve without compensation. The money acquired from sales of other property after building the houses is to be held in trust for the support of the good women.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Give Him Back."
The Union army during the war was a letter writing army. Even when the men were in the hospital their anxiety to send home letters compelled the nurses to go about with note paper rolled up in a magazine and stuck with pins and ink in an apron pocket. They had also the sad task of answering letters inquiring after husbands, sons and brothers, who had been reported wounded. One came to a nurse on the James river, from a wife asking after her husband. She wrote:

"Give him back to me dead, if he is dead, for I found his body."

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